

Chalmers
Underwear
MADE ON COOPER
SPRINGS NEEDLE MACHINE



CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

Fall and Winter Weight, Spring Needle Ribbed, Closed Crotch, Union Suits, \$1.50 up. Shirts and Drawers, \$1.00 each.

No Fall and Winter Weight underwear has ever been sold on so small a margin of profit as this. Such quality never had been put into underwear retailing at such prices until CHALMERS UNDERWEAR upset all standards of value.

Costly Spring Needle machines had always been used before in making the highest priced underwear. These Spring Needle machines cost more than ordinary machines. Their process is far more expensive. They cannot knit as much per day. But they do knit matchless garments.

Some day—yow, as well as most men, will wear by CHALMERS UNDERWEAR.

For Spring Needle machines knit the firmest fabric—and the most elastic. Hence CHALMERS UNDERWEAR gives amazing comfort. It fits as though tailored for you. It yields to every movement. Its constant springing-back into shape prevents loss of shape. It gives the utmost in wear.

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they love—pay the more, in a way, the more they love. It can not be helped.

She was thinking of the Warrens—the same Warrens Monte had visited when Chic, Jr., had the whooping cough. She had been there when Chic, Jr., was born. Marion had wanted her near—in the next room. She had learned then how they pay—these women who love.

She had been there at other times—less dramatic times. It was just the same. From the moment Marion awoke in the morning until she sank wearily into her bed at night, her time, her thought, her heart, her soul almost, was claimed by some one else. She gave until nothing was left for herself.

Marjory, in her lesser way, had done much the same—so she knew the cost. She paid her debt of duty in full—paid until her release came. In the final two weeks of her aunt's life she had never left her side. Patiently, steadfastly, she helped with all there was in her to fight that last fight. When it was over, she did not break down, as the doctors predicted. She went to bed and slept forty-eight hours, and awoke ten years younger.

SHE awoke as one out of bondage, and stared with keen, eager eyes at a new world. For a few weeks she had twenty-four hours a day of her own. Then Peter had come, and others had come, and finally Teddy had come. They wanted to take from her that which she had just gained—each in his own fashion.

"Give us of yourself," they pleaded. "Begin again your sacrifices."

Peter put it best, even though he did not say much. But she had only to look in his eyes to read his proposal.

"Come with me and stand by my side while I carve my career," was what his eyes said. "I'll love you, and make you love me as Marion loves. You'll begin the day with me, and you'll guard my home while I'm gone until night, and you'll share my honors and my disappointments, and perhaps a time will come when Marion will stand in the next room, as once you stood in the next room. Then—"

It was at this point she drew back. When Marion laughed and said that she was as she was because she did not know, Marion was wrong. It was because she did know—because she knew how madly and irrevocably she would give, if ever she gave again.

She did not wish to give like that. She wished to live a little. She wished to be herself a little—herself as she now was. She wished to get back some of those

years between seventeen and twenty-seven—taste the world as it was then.

What Teddy offered was different. Something was there that even Peter did not have—something that made her catch her breath once or twice when he sang to her like a white-robed choir-boy. It was as if he asked her to take his hand and jump with him into a white-hot flame. He carried her back to seventeen. But on guard within her stood the older woman, and she could not move.

Now came Monte—asking nothing. He asked nothing because he wished to give nothing. She was under no illusion about that. There was not anything idealistic about Monte. This was to be purely an arrangement for their mutual comfort. They were to be companions on an indefinite tour of the world—each paying his own bills.

At thirty-two he needed a comrade of some sort, and in his turn he offered himself as an escort. She found no apparent reason then, even when she had spent half the night getting as far as this, why she should not immediately accept his proposal. Yet she still hesitated.

It was not that she did not trust Monte. Not the slightest doubt in the world existed in her mind about that. She would trust him farther than she would even Peter—trust him farther than any man she had ever met. He was four-square, and she knew it. Perhaps it was a curious suggestion—it was just because of this that she hesitated.

IN a way, she was considering Monte. She did not like to help him give up responsibilities that might be good for him. She was somewhat disappointed that he was willing to give them up. He did not have the excuse she had—years of self-sacrifice. He had always been free.

She knew there was a lot to Monte. She had sensed that from the first. He had proved it in the last two weeks. It only needed some one to bring it out, and he would average high. Love might do it—the same white-hot love that had driven Teddy mad.

But that was what he was avoiding, just as she was. Well, what of it? If one did not reach the heights then one did not sound the depths. After all, it was not within her province to direct Monte's life. She was selfish—she had warned him of that. He was selfish—and had warned her.

Yet, as she lay there in her bed, she felt that she was about to give up something forever, and that Monte was about to give up something forever. It is one thing not to want something, and another

to make an irrevocable decision never to have it. Also, it is one thing to fret one's self into an unnecessary panic over a problem at night, and another to handle it lightly in the balmy sunshine of a Parisian spring-time morning.

MONTÉ had risen early and gone out and bought her violets again. When she came in, he handed them to her, and she buried her face in their dewy fragrance. It was good to have some one think of just such little attentions. Then, too, his boyish enthusiasm swept her off her guard. He was so eager and light-hearted this morning that she found herself breaking into a laugh. She was still laughing when he brought back to her last night's discussion.

"Well, have you decided to marry me?" he demanded.

She shook her head, her face still buried in the violets.

"What's worrying you about it?" he asked.

"You, Monte," she answered. "I? Well, that isn't much. I looked up the time-tables, and we could take the six-ten-to-night if you were ready."

"I couldn't possibly be ready," she replied decidedly.

"To-morrow, then?"

When he insisted upon being definite, the proposition sounded a great deal more absurd than when he allowed it to be indefinite. She was still hesitating when Marie appeared.

"A telephone for madame," she announced.

Monte heard her startled exclamation from the next room. He hurried to the door. She saw him, and, placing her hand over the telephone, turned excitedly.

"It's Teddy again," she trembled.

"Let me talk to him," he commanded.

"He says he doesn't believe in our—our engagement."

"We're to be married to-morrow?" he asked quickly.

"Oh!"

"It's the only way to get rid of him."

"Then—"

"To-morrow?"

Catching her breath, she nodded.

He took the receiver.

"This is Covington," he said. "Miss Stockton and I are to be married to-morrow. Get that? . . . Well, keep hold of it, because the moment I'm her husband—"

Following an oath at the other end, Monte heard the click of the receiver as it was snapped up.

"That settles it very nicely," he smiled.

To be continued next week



Photograph from Monroe Woolley

This is x, the place where the Western man's family simply wouldn't live. It cost \$50.

The Man Who Made x Equal y

to move from their comfortable five rooms and elevator to such a stockade? What would the neighbors think of such a comedown?

But the Western man (he wishes his name withheld on this very account) forced his family to go there. And he even refused them an architect to repair the building. In revenge, his family compelled the Western man to do all the work of alteration himself.

The old house must have cost about \$50. It consisted solely of logs and shingles, windows, doors, chimneys—not even a gas meter. By the time the Western man had satisfied his family, the house was worth a thousand dollars. And what did it cost the family of the Western man? Estimating his labor at worth \$2.50 a day, they figure the whole thing to have cost \$292. Look at the pictures and see the change. Even the dog isn't too proud to show himself before such a cottage.

The Western man has a few thoughts to impart to any other victims of family tyranny. When your family want a home



Photograph from Monroe Woolley

x plus \$300 plus advice from the family plus good hard work from dad equalled this up-to-the-minute y.

—a regular one that will look well on post-cards to Eastern friends—make them buy an old house and fix it over. It's cheaper, and you can get what you want. It pays to buy a big house, so that you don't have to cram your alterations.

Remember, in tearing down partitions, that when the ceiling beams run the long way, you need supports when you have taken out the partitions. Fireplaces are easy to put in a country house; and don't forget that the sectional area of the opening of the fireplace should be ten times the sectional area of the flue. Don't spend all your spare cash on hard wood for the trimmings; decorator's canvas painted white looks just the same. And the secret staircase that you will feel obliged to have can be contrived for \$18.